

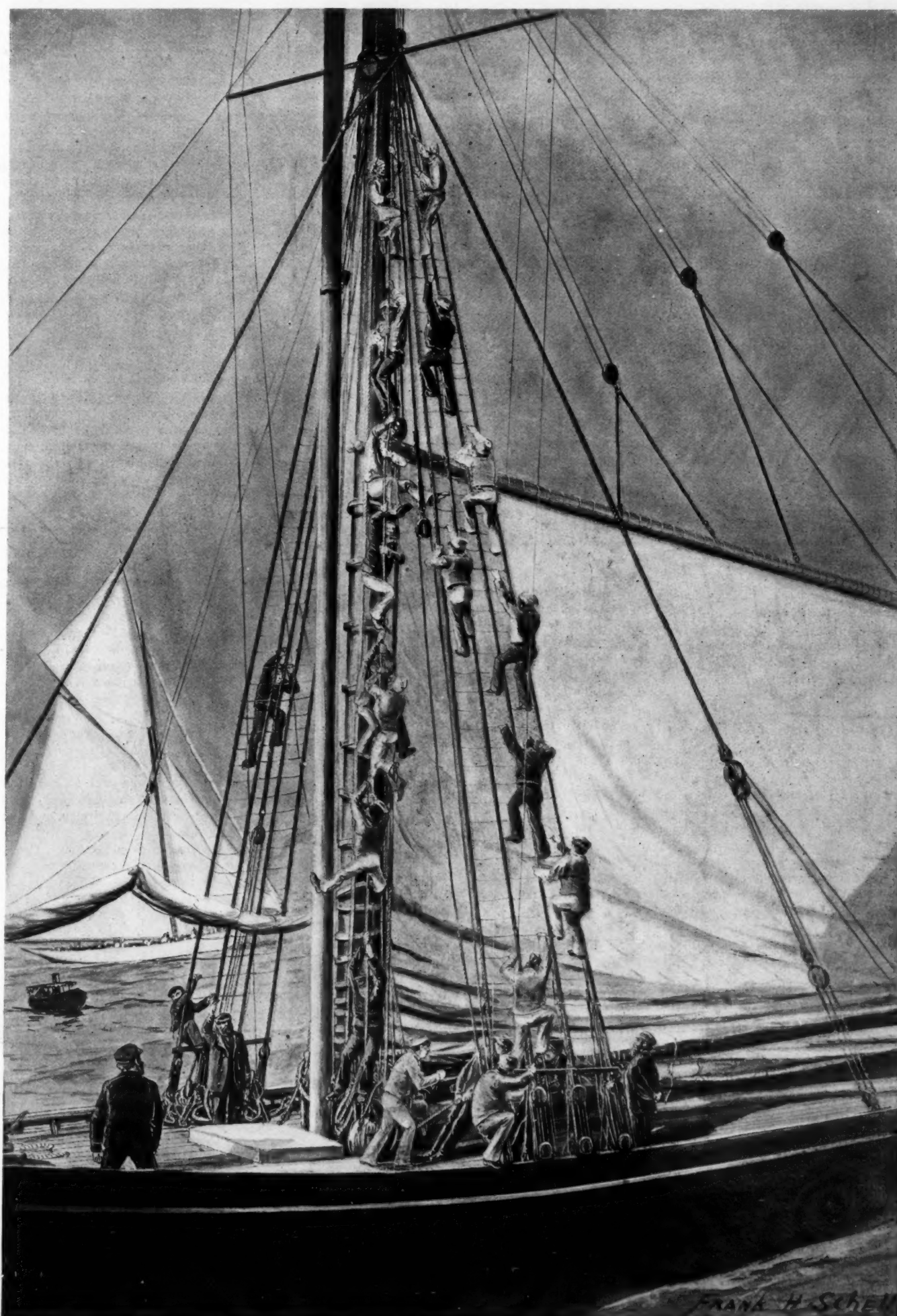
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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"As the *Valkyrie* headed into what little wind there was, a score or more of her tow-headed sailors swarmed up her shrouds, and grasping her throat and peak halyards they swung down to her deck again, slowly hoisting her big mainsail in place."—*Daily paper*.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP—HOISTING THE MAINSAIL ON THE ENGLISH CUTTER "VALKYRIE."
DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

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The Rights of Citizenship.

THE Democratic party in Congress has got round to just the position it occupied before the Civil War. It denied the right of the government to maintain its own existence against the revolt of sovereign States. Now it denies its right to protect the integrity of the suffrage against the protest of the States formerly in rebellion. The right of suffrage, it asserts by the mouth of its chosen champions, is purely a State right, and any attempt by the general government to control it is an act of usurpation.

It is hardly worth while to treat seriously this exploded pretension. The Democratic party cannot reverse the verdict of history. It cannot rehabilitate the ultra States-rights theory which perished with the Confederacy at Appomattox. These States constitute a nation. Citizenship is national; no man can exercise the suffrage anywhere on our soil until he acquires citizenship as an American. Necessarily his allegiance is due primarily to the nation, and the defense of his rights and liberties, as an American citizen, is an imperative national duty. The Federal Election laws contemplate nothing more than the performance of that duty. Their repeal will expose the citizens of many States to an arrogant interference with the most sacred of all rights. It will endanger all the gains accruing from the triumph of the national idea in the war of the Rebellion. For if the suffrage, the basis of the political fabric, cannot be protected and preserved, what will remain but disintegration and decay? No American would ever find anything of value in citizenship resting upon State authority and held subject to the caprice of partisan majorities.

The right of the citizen to exercise the suffrage without restraint or molestation on every acre of American soil must be maintained, and will be maintained, at whatever hazard and cost.

Insanity Experts and Juries.

An expert who is cocksure of his statements without being able to give quite tangible reasons for the faith that is in him is liable now and then to appear before a jury that will not believe everything he says to them. Experts in handwriting and chemical experts are both looked upon with more or less suspicion when they appear in the courts, and their evidence is usually of such a speculative nature that hard-headed jurymen as frequently as not disregard it entirely in arriving at a true verdict. But even more speculative than that of those just mentioned is the evidence of insanity experts when called upon to declare a person who seems sound of mind to the casual observer insane and incapable. When a physician undertakes this duty he accepts about as great a responsibility as ever falls to the lot of man. A sane man pronounced insane by experts in insanity is almost as badly off as a healthy man buried alive. Even if such a man should escape from the retreat or asylum where he had been confined there would ever after be a taint upon his mental integrity. Suppose such a man were of an excitable disposition, or of high nervous

temperament; every time he indulged in an outburst of excitement the question would be raised whether he were not mad. There are men who speak and act so intemperately every day that we, in passing, wonder whether they are not crazy. And the sanity of such men has never been questioned except casually and idly. But if experts had once decided them insane the passing doubt would soon resolve itself into a firm conviction. Undoubtedly it is desirable that when great misfortune invades a family-circle, publicity, whenever possible, should be avoided, since it makes the suffering vastly harder to bear. But the pains of publicity are nothing compared to the risk of loss of liberty and the loss of the respect of others in that mental integrity which, once having been questioned, forever loses its potency to command.

There was a case in New York recently. A merchant successfully conducting a large business, on the eve of his marriage was placed in an asylum for the insane. Two physicians certified that the merchant was insane; two other physicians, of the asylum to which the merchant was taken, also declared him to be insane. His brother and partner instituted the examination and confinement. The young woman to whom the merchant was betrothed declined to acquiesce in the situation and procured a writ of habeas corpus. Then the case was brought before a jury. The jury was one of quite exceptional intelligence, consisting of several bankers, brokers, merchants, and so on. It was exactly the kind of a jury a litigant would like to go before when he thought his quarrel just. The four experts said there was no doubt of the merchant's insanity; the majority of his clerks testified on the same side as did his brother and partner. For the merchant there were no witnesses save himself and his betrothed—no insanity experts could be secured to testify in his behalf. Before the jury the merchant testified with entire clearness and perspicacity. He explained intricate accounts and gave good reasons for the business acts that his brother alleged were the work of a madman. The jury came to the unanimous conclusion that the merchant was sound of mind and possessed in a most unusual degree the capacity to attend to his own affairs. This was the conclusion of twelve jurymen in the face of the testimony of the experts. The jurymen said as plainly as possible that they did not believe that the experts knew what they were talking about. And very likely the jury were entirely right. The first two of the experts were employed by the brother and partner; the second two were employed by the asylum in which the merchant had been detained. Now the interest of these men in upholding the correctness of their original opinions was not, it would seem to laymen, so great as to bias their judgment, but when we recall how zealous a medical man is apt to be when trying to prove his purely speculative opinion faultless we cannot believe that the four experts were more worthy to decide this merchant's sanity than the twelve good men and true.

The facilities for placing in an asylum any person whom another, kinsman or otherwise, desires to have out of the way are entirely too great. The process is so easy that it becomes a temptation. It is high time that legislation should interfere for the prevention of abuses of this character. An insane person should be taken to a public hospital in the first instance, and the insanity determined by a regular action in the court before any unfortunate should be indefinitely deprived of liberty and the privileges which it carries with it.

Misrepresented States.



It is an anomalous and by no means gratifying fact that two of the largest, wealthiest, and most intelligent States of the Union—States which industrially and commercially are by common consent foremost in importance—are represented in the United States Senate by men of inferior equipment. Nobody will pretend that the Senators of New York and Pennsylvania possess in any real sense the quality of statesmanship, or represent the highest intelligence and best character of the constituencies behind them. They are adepts in practical politics; they understand all the petty and disreputable arts of the scheming partisan; but they have no appreciation of principles as factors in government and legislation, and are utterly incapable of acting for the public interests where these interests are in conflict with their own. They care nothing at all for enlightened public opinion.

A striking illustration of this fact is afforded by the course of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, on the silver question. The Keystone State is overwhelmingly hostile to the silver-purchase policy. Both political parties have declared themselves against it. Her commercial bodies, her manufacturers, and her workingmen have demanded its reversal. All the great interests of the State are suffering from the existing uncertainty. Mr. Cameron knows this perfectly. He knows that only five weeks ago the Republican State convention declared in favor of the unconditional repeal of the obnoxious measure, and demanded of

the Pennsylvania Senators that they support that repeal. He cannot have forgotten that, three years ago, when he was a candidate for re-election, the suspicion that he was for free coinage was urged against him, and that it was only disarmed by a positive declaration that he would, as to this question, honestly represent the wishes of his constituents. In the face of these facts Mr. Cameron now declares himself, in a speech in the Senate, not only against the repeal of the silver-purchase clause of the Sherman act, but in favor of free coinage and the restoration of the wild-cat State-bank currency! If there ever was an exhibition of contempt for the people and of engagements solemnly made, surely it is here.

We do not wonder that Pennsylvanians of all shades of politics indignantly denounce this shameful betrayal. It could not be otherwise than that an intelligent and patriotic constituency, thus misrepresented, would resent the infidelity which defies their wishes and exposes their interests to continued peril. Undoubtedly the humiliation which is felt by every right-thinking citizen is deepened by the reflection that the State is powerless to prevent further misrepresentation. Senator Cameron, in his insolence and pride of place, will pay no attention whatever to the popular expressions of disapproval. He will not resign. He will not alter his course. He has carried the State in his pocket so long that he fancies he can do so forever. This will no doubt hold true for the period for which he was last elected. Will it remain true beyond that date? The answer to that question rests with the people, and if there is any real vitality in the sentiment now manifesting itself, we may expect that the response will not be such as Mr. Cameron would desire.

The Republican party in Pennsylvania is responsible for the fact that the State is misrepresented as it is in the Senate. It owes it to itself and the country to refuse further submission to the influences which have so long dominated it. It must recognize in its selections for the Senatorial office a vastly higher standard of capacity and character. It cannot perpetuate its supremacy by any other method. The people will not tolerate, in any party, a persistent depreciation of worth and ability in any branch of the public service. And in our view any party which, being rich in men of commanding stature, intellectually and morally, as the Republican party in Pennsylvania confessedly is, bestows its honors upon persons of the Cameron type, deserves to suffer the sorest discipline which a righteous public opinion can inflict.

Lord Dunraven and English Labor.

In a recent sketch of Lord Dunraven as a yachtsman we referred to the fact that he has other claims to fame than as the owner of the *Valkyrie*, instancing especially his work as a *litterateur*. But his chief claim to distinction rests on the circumstance that to him more than to any other man in or out of Parliament is due the credit of the new movement in the interest of labor which has been the most striking fact in the industrial and economic history of England during the last quarter of a century. All the recent change in the sentiment toward labor, especially toward women's labor and that class of unskilled labor which it is impossible to organize, and which is, therefore, always weak, dates from the inquiry into the sweating system by a select committee of the House of Lords in the Parliamentary sessions of 1889 and 1890. It was at Lord Dunraven's instance that this epoch-making committee was appointed; he was its chairman, and for two sessions he directed its labors. Hundreds of witnesses were examined and every trade concerning which there was a whisper as to the prevalence of sweating was investigated by the committee. It was found that sweating was deplorably common, not only at the East End of London, but also at the West End and in many of the great industrial centres of the provinces. All the evidence taken before the committee was published at length in the press, and its educational value was such that months before the committee could make its recommendations to Parliament public opinion had decreed that there must be an end to sweating. Manufacturers who were suspected of it were boycotted, and a man whose reputation as an employer would not stand scrutiny dared not show himself on a political platform, either as a candidate for office, or as the supporter of a candidate. Public feeling wrought this great change without any help from Parliament. In Parliament, however, legislative effect was given in 1891 to the recommendations of Lord Dunraven's committee, and the Factory acts were so amended as to give the Home Office inspectors increased powers in dealing with the worst class of employers.

Nor was this all. The House of Commons in the same session passed a resolution instructing the government departments so to word their agreements with contractors that sweating should be impossible in any work paid for out of public money. The next year, when a Liberal government came into power, it went further and fixed the rate of wages to be paid by the purchasers of government buildings which were to be pulled down. In the present session of Parliament Mr. Gladstone's government has officially announced that "it has ceased to believe in competition wages and will henceforth frame its contracts accordingly." Not only so; it has assented to a resolution

which declares that the government in its industrial departments ought to set a good example to private employers all over the country, and in pursuance of this new policy it has cut down over-time in the arsenals and dock-yards, advanced the wages of unskilled laborers, and given notice to all contractors that they must pay a fair rate of wages to their work-people or submit to have their names stricken from all official lists of firms tendering for government work. All these far-reaching changes are directly traceable to the Dunraven committee of 1889 and 1890.

The Unemployed.

THE World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago gives employment, in one way and another, to a good many persons who would otherwise have nothing to do. A recent police census of the city's unemployed shows that about forty-one and one-half per cent. of the persons who were engaged in various industries one year ago are now either without work or have gone elsewhere in search of employment. The exact figures, as given by the *Record*, reveal that employers who commonly give work and wages to 191,463 employes now have on their pay-rolls but 112,099. The trades which suffer most are the building trades, including such as furnish materials for builders, with the manufacturers of clothing, pianos, furniture, machinery, and metal work coming next in order. These figures are fairly typical of the condition of affairs in other large cities, and they suggest a very serious question. What is to be done with and for this vast army of unemployed workers in the winter now coming on? It is now too late to expect any general revival of suspended industries, or general restoration of trade, before the close of the year; even if Congress should recognize the demands of the situation and legislate promptly in the interest of the people instead of party, it would be impossible to place the business of the country where it was one year ago. Restoration must be a gradual process; we cannot recover in a day or a year all the ground we have lost. Meanwhile the poor will be growing poorer; the unemployed of the more provident sort will exhaust their little hoards, and the cry of the distressed will become more and more bitter and despairing. It is time that our large and populous communities should look the facts squarely in the face, and begin preparations for the adequate discharge of the obligations which will devolve upon them. No man should suffer for lack of bread in this land of ample harvests and generous charities.

Mr. Gladstone on the Lords.



MR. GLADSTONE'S recent address to the Midlothian Liberal committee was at once a magnificent vindication of the rights of the House of Commons and an impressive warning to the Lords that their pretensions to practically supreme authority over legislation will not be much longer tolerated. The latter body, he showed, has resisted from generation to generation a settlement of the Irish question. It refused to pass the Home-rule bill in 1886. Then the question was incessantly discussed until 1892, when the entire country returned a majority in its favor. The Commons obeyed the popular voice, and after eighty-two days' discussion passed the bill. The House of Lords again treated the popular will with contempt, and with only four days' consideration rejected the measure. And now, having done this, they insist that their nullification of the verdict of the people must be followed by an appeal to the country. That claim Mr. Gladstone denounces as preposterous. "The doctrine of the Constitution shows that if a responsible ministry advises a dissolution of Parliament there ought to be a dissolution at the risk of the ministry; and the House of Commons has power, which it has frequently exercised, to force a dissolution by vote. But no such thing has been regarded at any period of our history as a dissolution brought about by a vote of the House of Lords. Such a contention is a gross, a monstrous innovation—an odious, new-fangled doctrine." And Mr. Gladstone adds with emphasis that it is more than this: "It is nothing less than high treason, if this is to continue to be a self-governing country."

Mr. Gladstone, continuing his argument, makes this further point:

"Now let me humbly presume to speak for the House of Commons. I should say, We admit that the majority may misinterpret the voice and judgment of the country, though if we do misinterpret them we ought to be called to account by those entitled to call us to account—namely, the people of the country, invited by the crown and the ministers, in whose hands is lodged the prerogative of dissolution. What will happen if we have misinterpreted the judgment of the country? We will be sent to the right about, and with perfect justice, every Liberal will say. Great as the evil is, I infinitely prefer it to the other evil—namely, intercepting the opinion of the country and attempting to contravene it by the use of some irregular, extraneous machinery. But we make this plea; we say, if we are punished why should not the majority in the House of Lords also be punished when it misinterprets the judgment of the country? Let us have fair play and no favor. Why should the House of Lords be allowed to pass off with impunity—an impunity which only encourages them to repeat upon the first occasion a similar prank to that they have just committed."

* Depend upon it, it is an extremely serious matter. On the suppo-

sition that you could subject a majority of the Lords to the same penal consequences as those you can lay upon a majority of the Commons, there would be something at least like a *prima facie* case of justice and equality; some small plea for this title of the House of Lords to the right to correct the judgment of the House of Commons, and to send them back to the country. But there is not even the thinnest presumption of justification for such a proceeding. That being so, we have arrived at a very serious position, and the grand question is, How are we going to escape from it?"

Mr. Gladstone does not go into the question of the solution of the situation thus raised; it is too serious, in his opinion, to be settled off-hand by a cut-and-dried programme. He advises neither violence nor vehemence. Time will be sure to bring a cure, and with it a triumph of right ideas. "If," he says, "the nation is determined, it will not be baffled by a phalanx of five hundred peers. We have the will of the country to execute, and cannot submit to the House of Lords, although they bear high-sounding titles and sit in a gilded chamber. The next session will not pass without your seeing this subject again appearing above the waves where it has for the moment appeared to founder. The nation has given us the authority and propelled us on our course, and it is our duty and our hope and belief that we shall find, with the help of the Almighty, means to reach the goal."

There can be no question as to the effect of these courageous words. They will stimulate the Liberals everywhere with new confidence and energy. They will accentuate the popular discontent with the existing Parliamentary institutions which experience has shown to be so irresponsible to the public will and so capable of baffling its expressed purpose. Mr. Gladstone may not live to see the day when the home-rule principle will triumph over the prejudice and intolerance of its arrogant opposers, but that day will surely come; and whether it be soon or late, the leader who has made it possible will be sure of his reward in the applause of posterity.

Topics of the Week.

THE United States Supreme Court has declared the Federal Election laws to be constitutional. Young Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, author of the bill to repeal these laws, declares them to be unconstitutional, and that the opinion of the court is a matter of no concern whatever. Mr. Lawson, of Georgia, manifests the same contempt for judicial opinion. "We appealed," he says, "from the decision of that court to the judgment of a higher tribunal, and the people at the polls reversed the decision of the Supreme Court." Apparently nothing counts with the ruling party in Congress but the decree of the party caucus, or the edict of a fraudulent partisan majority. The ultra States-rights theory must be maintained at every hazard.

It seems to be the purpose of the Democrats to put through the House a bill to restore the old State-bank system immediately after the passage of the Elections bill. A decided majority of the dominant party are in favor of this legislation, and it is thought that a few Republicans may support it. It is to be hoped that this latter conjecture may prove to be unwarranted. If the banking system which in its day brought so much disaster upon the country is to be revived, by all means let the entire responsibility for the legislation to that end rest with the Democracy. The Republican party, having for thirty years stood for honest and safe finance, cannot afford to mar its record now by acquiescing in any policy which experience has condemned.

A HIDEOUS story of the voyage of a cholera pest-ship comes to us by cable. On the 29th of July a mail steamer with cargo and passengers sailed from Genoa for Santos, Brazil. Cholera broke out on board, and not being allowed to land her passengers when she reached the latter port, she returned to Genoa, the entire voyage occupying sixty-one days, during which one hundred and fourteen persons died of the plague. The horrors of such a voyage may possibly be conceived, but they cannot be described. Afloat with death and despair; shut out from all hope of rescue; compelled to face, hour by hour, not alone the terrors of angry seas, but the remorseless ravages of pitiless disease—how wretched beyond expression must have been the state of the voyagers by this floating charnel-house.

THE Republicans of New Jersey have arrayed themselves in opposition to the race-track legislation of last winter, and propose to make a vigorous effort to secure its repeal at the next legislative session. Senators are to be chosen in eight of the twenty-one counties, and members of Assembly in each of the sixty districts, and the purpose is to nominate in every case candidates who can be relied upon to favor the annulment of the obnoxious laws. In some districts they will be compelled to fight the money of the race-track owners, some of whom are prepared to spend large sums to preserve the advantage they have gained, and it is quite possible that the better sentiment of the party will in some cases fail of expression. But it is quite safe to assume that the great body of the Republicans of the State will refuse to give their support to nominees whose position on this question is at all uncertain,

and the indications are that there will be enough good men, Democrats and Republicans, elected to accomplish the deliverance of the State from its present humiliating subjection to the gambling fraternity.

AMERICAN merchants and manufacturers have a great deal to learn in the matter of exploiting their wares. They have lost some important markets, notably those of South America, just because they have failed to employ the means of success of which other countries habitually avail themselves. In this day of sharp and vigorous competition no business man can hold his own who sits down at home and does nothing to familiarize himself with, and reach, cutting markets. German and English manufacturers afford an example of intelligent enterprise in this particular which is well worth emulation. An illustration of this fact is afforded by the action of the German makers of machinery in recently deciding to send expert engineers to foreign countries to study and report upon their wants and needs in order that German producers may be able to adapt themselves to the requirements of the markets and develop a demand for their goods. It is by such methods as these that the Germans have acquired so large a share of the trade of countries where we ought to be masters of the situation, and our people must wake up to the facts of the case, and meet competitors with their own weapons, if they would not be driven from every field worth possessing.

THE last Presbyterian General Assembly put the Union Theological Seminary of this city under ban because it has Professor Briggs as its principal instructor in theology. Carrying out the Assembly's directions, the Board of Education has refused financial aid to all students desiring to enter the seminary, and the necessary assistance has, as a consequence, been supplied from other sources. One of these is found in churches whose members are opposed to the intolerant policy of the Assembly, and who make over to Union the collections which have hitherto gone to the general educational fund. The withdrawal of support by the Presbyterian board does not seem to have materially affected the prosperity of the seminary, which now has one hundred and thirty students, nearly as many as last year. There are those, probably, who imagine that the liberal movement in the church can be arrested by so cutting off the supplies that all students will finally be driven to the institutions holding to the Princeton type of theology; but this will prove a delusive hope, and the sooner the proscriptive methods now employed by the dominant conservative element are abandoned, the better it will be for them and for the church for whose future they profess so great a solicitude.

THE spirited defense that Congressman Fellows made of the cruiser *Vesuvius* in a recent speech in the House was very timely. It is well known that there are many officers in the navy who, at every opportunity, decry the *Vesuvius*, and never neglect a chance to make her appear to be a failure. Those who are acquainted with the members of this persistent clique say that their motives and a lack of personal courage in the presence of dynamite and other explosives of similar character are closely related. One officer is said to have remarked that shooting gunpowder was all right, but gun-cotton never. The false impression has existed that in case of slight accident the vessel itself might be blown up. The fact is, the *Vesuvius* herself is already a proved success, and, as Mr. Fellows said, one of the mightiest engines of war ever constructed. She has had to fight her way, step by step, against prejudice and scoffing. It has made of her a better war-ship. Only the projectile that she throws remains to be improved, and that in a slight detail. Projectiles have been made that she has hurled and exploded. They lacked some desirable but minor qualities. It is only a question of time when the improved design will be perfected. The howl against the *Vesuvius* should cease.

THERE is a theory that times of depression in business are peculiarly favorable to religious development; that men who are overwhelmed with trouble and disappointment naturally turn to the solaces of religion, and that as a consequence revivals more often follow in the wake of panics than attend seasons of prosperity. The theory has some justification in experience. But it is a curious fact that, on the other hand, there are more suicides in hard times than at any other. Business men whose wealth is suddenly swept away; workmen who are driven to despair by the want of employment and their inability to supply the needs of those dependent upon them; weak-minded folk of every sort who shiver whenever life's shadows deepen into blackest darkness, seek escape from real and imaginary ills in death. Thus statistics show that there has been a noticeable increase in suicides in this city during the last month, the aggregate being thirty-four against twenty-two for the same period during the previous year. The statistics are suggestive, but hardly conclusive. The suicidal tendency is certainly growing; but we suspect that it derives its stimulus rather from what may be called fixed conditions of our life than from temporary and exceptional incitements.



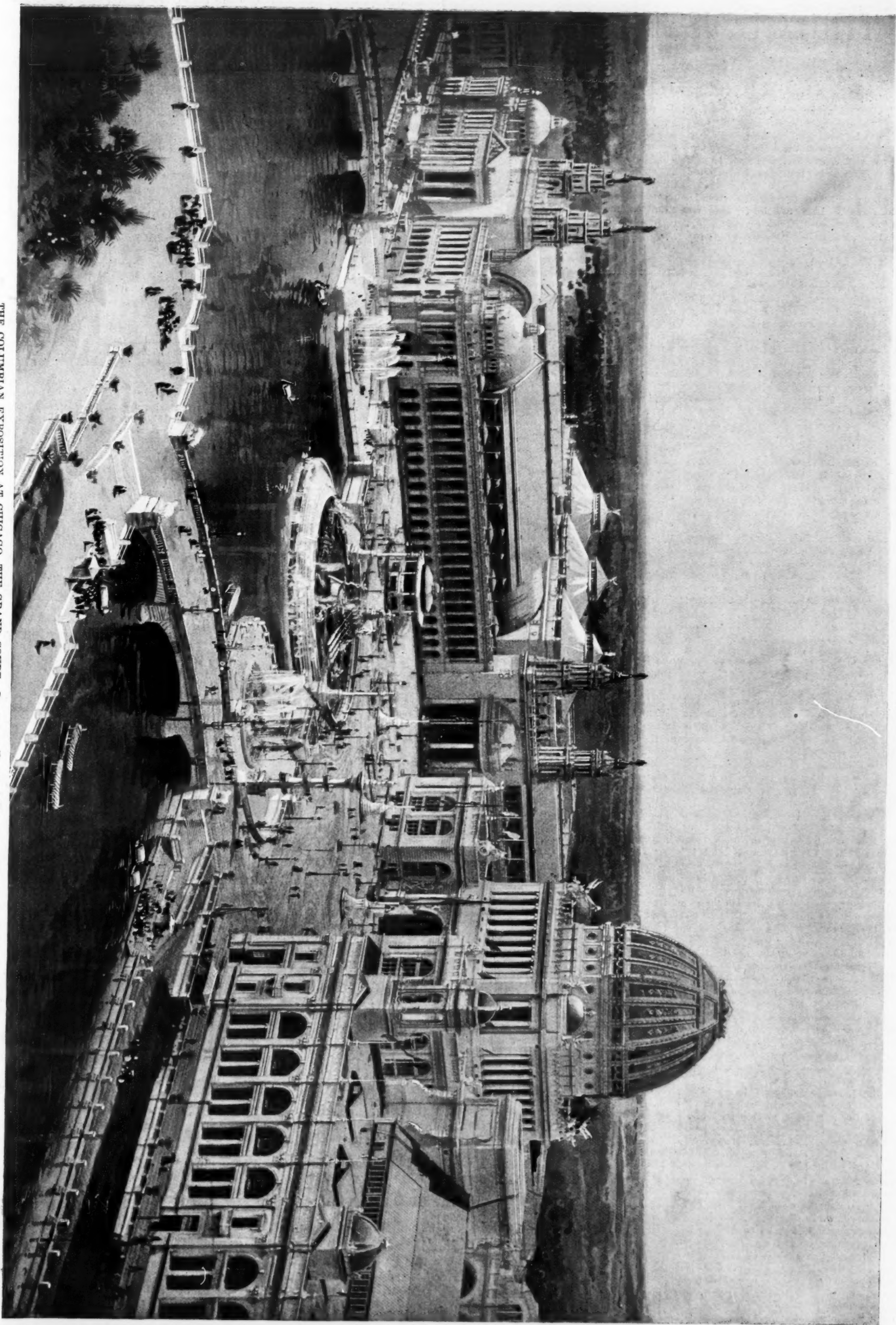
THE AUSTRIAN PAVILION.



THE RUSSIAN PAVILION.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

THE EXHIBITS OF AUSTRIA AND RUSSIA IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 238.]



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.—THE GRAND COURT.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENNING.

THE CLOISTER, NO. 7.

By SEWALL READ.

I.

HE was not a pretty girl. At least, no one thought her so except the man who loved her, and he perhaps was hardly qualified to judge.

It was such a length of time since he had fallen in love with her that he had forgotten his original impressions.

He had gone fishing one day in a nervously irritable mood. Luck had been "down on him," as he expressed it, and a certain gouty uncle from whom he had expectations had suddenly, in a fit of exasperation with his nephew, taken it into his head to marry his housekeeper.

Lawrence moodily cast his line into the trout stream—or attempted to.

He gave a savage whirl to his rod, the line flew far behind him and caught—something. He heard a faint cry and then a voice somewhat shaken saying:

"Please don't pull. I'm hooked."

He plunged back through the thicket and there, under a heavy, overarching mass of trees, seated before an easel, was a slender, thin, dark girl, a brush in her hand, and his trout-fly hooked between her shoulders.

"I did not know there was any one about," she smiled, faintly. "You must have come quietly."

"The stream is so noisy here," he said, lifting his soft cap quickly. Then he added, with profuse apologies: "You must regret that there was any one about. Are you brave? Can you stand a little pain? I must get this thing out, you know."

"How, must you?" asked the girl, flushing a trifle. "I fear I'm not absolutely heroic."

"Only keep still, and I'll have it out in no time," said Lawrence, making no bones of cutting a little rent in her gown with his pocket-knife. "Now, quiet, please. Once again. Done! You are really very brave."

He thought she would faint, she had turned so white, but his words sent the color back and she laughed quite gayly when he said it was ended.

"Only your gown, I fear, is spoiled," he added, wondering inwardly in what way he could offer to repair the damage he had wrought, and finally giving it up as hopeless. "I did not dare leave the hook until we got out of this. It's a good mile to the village, and the beastly thing would have worked its way in, to say nothing of the coloring matter on the fly."

"You are very kind. I have delayed your fishing expedition," she began gathering up her paints and materials as she spoke.

"It is I who have interrupted you," he said, in some remorse. "Must you go now? At least allow me to put a bit of this handkerchief over the wound. You mustn't catch cold in it."

He had been obliged to make quite a deep incision. He tore a strip out of the silk handkerchief which had graced the pocket of his Norfolk jacket, and placed it as skillfully as a surgeon over the little wound. Then he laid back the rent corner of the gown and took up his rod.

The girl looked up at him, and he hardly noticed her plainness—she was plain—in his delight at seeing himself reflected in a large pair of velvety, dryad-like eyes—not the sort of eyes to belong to a girl clearly so independent and matter-of-fact as this one. Eyes that reminded one of dark wintry pools under a cold, blue sky. Startling eyes! Magnificent.

"Those eyes should never be yours, young woman," he thought. "They belong to a professional beauty."

"May I not take you home?" he asked aloud. "I am all out of conceit with fishing now. Besides, I feel it my right to keep track of my victim."

"By no means," said the girl, calmly. "You must now get some trout. I always escort myself," she added, half smiling. And with a resoluteness which he dared not intrench upon she quickly finished her preparations for departure, tucked the small, folded easel under her arm, and with a slight nod and a determined little air disappeared from his view.

So began their acquaintance.

He learned that she was an artist, quite a little celebrity in her way, who came down here each summer to paint, and seemed to be entirely alone in the world except for a small brother she was bringing up—she had got him as far as the naval academy—and a group of girl friends, some of whom were accustomed to join her during the long vacation.

Of course in that small place it was impossible that they should not meet, and before the summer was over he had told her—he happened to be in a singularly confiding mood, and hers, if not exactly a sympathetic, was rather, perhaps, a receptive nature—some of his hopes, plans, and disappointments, the latter far outnumbering the rest. So, when they parted it was quite a natural thing that he should hold in his hand a card with the street and number of her studio on it.

II.

SHE wasn't at all the sort of a girl he admired. He had a kind of latent disapproval of independent girls—without chaparrons—who lived all alone and didn't seem to feel apologetic about it. The very description sent a shudder through him.

So he rather wondered, one morning, when he found himself climbing the abominably long staircase in the "Cloister" which led to No. 7. He concluded it was because he wanted to tell her that his uncle had gone. Gone to a better world without leaving a sou for his agreeable nephew. Where in the world was he to get his gloves this winter, Jack vaguely wondered.

He found her smoking. He had just thrown away a cigar himself, but his horrified expression amused her.

"I'm sorry I can't offer you one," she said, apparently oblivious of his very visible horror. "It's my last."

She forbore to explain that she had a severe cold and it was a medicated cube. She tossed it into a jardinière, and he sat very stiffly on the edge of a chair, uttered a few platitudes, and then took up his stick and hat and gloves and said "Good-morning."

As he got down the stairs he remembered he hadn't mentioned his uncle, and he vowed never to go near her again.

"She's positively impossible," he said. "Worse than I thought. Guileless enough in her way, I've no doubt, but—smoking!"

He lighted a cigarette to better soothe his irritated nerves.

III.

THE next time they met was at the American artists' Salon exhibit.

He was strolling around with the young woman he had about made up his mind to marry, when he caught sight of a familiar and somewhat chic figure over in a corner, the centre of a group of girls—evidently no swells.

"By Jove! there's that odd girl again," he said to himself; and he gave such a start that Miss Fayweather asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing. Only a painter I know," said Lawrence, but somehow omitting to mention the painter's sex.

"A painter! Oh, introduce him, do!" said Miss Fayweather. "I've always wanted to meet one. I never knew a genius or even a talented person."

"Thanks," said Lawrence, promptly, but grateful for this little digression and gently decoying his guests into a side room, which was the easier to do as Mrs. Fayweather was a matron of bulk and anxious for a seat.

"Oh, you have no talent," said Miss Fayweather, pouting a little, "except to evade demands. Please go and produce your painter."

"He—my—my painter, I mean, has gone by now, I fear; however—a bright idea striking him—I'll go and make a search."

"Do so," said Mrs. Fayweather.

"And mind you bring him back," said her daughter, who was not so pleased at Lawrence's prompt disappearance.

Jack strode gayly down the halls and soon discovered the object of his search, who together with her little coterie of friends were grouped in front of one of the prize pictures and seemed to be having no end of fun among themselves.

He stalked up and held out his hand, somewhat to Susanne's surprise and greatly to the amazement of her friends.

"So glad to have found you," he heard himself saying with a cordiality that surprised him. "I've been looking for you all day. Knew I should find you here."

He told this fib unblushingly, looking down into the inexpressible eyes that were, in their way, so charming.

"Where is your contribution?"

"My—oh, my daub. In a little dark hole—far, far away. You don't want to see it."

"Ah, but I do," he said, urgently, and as he insisted that she should show it him, they led the way, followed by a veritable "Patience" bevy of girls.

They had a very jolly *quart d'heure* before her picture. Lawrence made himself vastly agreeable all around, and finally betook himself away, radiant, to his deserted ladies in the side-room. His face lengthened, however, as he neared the Fayweathers, and he hoped, he hardly knew why, that Miss Fayweather wouldn't notice the absence of his gardenia, which he had given to one of the girls in that gay, provoking little group.

"Gone," he said, anticipating Miss Fayweather's question. "He'll never know what he missed. He must have left just after I saw him."

Lawrence had overcome his compunction at the misapplication of a few personal pronouns.

"You were a long time looking for him," said Miss Fayweather, just a *souffçon* unamiably.

"And you've lost that beautiful gardenia," said her mother, regarding him through her eye-glasses severely.

"What an unpleasantly observing old lady," thought Lawrence, hastening to make some feeble observations as to the heat of the rooms and the fragility of hot-house blooms, while the group of art students were chaffing Susanne and saying:

"You never told us he was such a swell, Susanne."

"I never knew it," said Susanne, simply. "He certainly didn't seem to be last summer. He wore the simplest, not to say unsightliest of garments, and he seemed to be chronically out of funds."

"I'm afraid you don't recognize the animal when you see it," laughed Stephanie. "You're not a connoisseur in swells, my dear Susanne."

Lawrence's dollars were usually conspicuous for their absence; but, somehow, some way, he wanted that little picture that was "hung in a dark hole." He felt its possession to be an absolute necessity. Its price was extremely modest, and the day after the exhibition was ended Lawrence viewed it with considerable satisfaction presiding over a miscellaneous collection of bachelor inutilities on his chimney-shelf. His only stipulation had been that the purchaser's name should be unknown.

IV.

SUSANNE was matronizing a "studio-tea" in several studios thrown into one, given by a dozen demoiselles of the "Cloister." By a coincidence it was her birthday. Susanne was younger than a number of the women, but her sedateness and the severe seriousness of her deportment in moments when a steady spirit was needed caused her to be usually selected for the matron or "madonna," as the girls called her. Besides, the small brother she was educating made her seem motherly.

It was a fantastic crowd of girls—all girls—dressed in every possible attire except the usual, who crowded around the samovar, or discussed in groups and with much vigor the relative merits of recent works of art. All were talking paint. Paint was in the air, on the walls: it was the breath of their nostrils.

Susanne was flying about, a tiny Japanese tea-cup in her hand and a classic *kimono*, much too long for her, trailing behind. In honor of her birthday two of the girls had placed a fillet of bay-leaves on her dark hair.

"I am a horror of different epochs," said Susanne. "Ancient Greek to my shoulders, modern Japanese the rest of the way."

"And early New York as to feet," said Stephanie, inspecting Susanne's small bluchers.

"Here's a French fan to complete the picture," said another girl, a miniature painter, thrusting an ancient and fragile Watteau into her hands.

"Take it away," said Susanne; "it's too delicate for a 'studio-tea.'"

One or two arguments that had started with witty epigram and *bon-mot*, and partly in jest, were getting to border perilously on the serious, and the orators were getting a trifle heated, as art students, even girl students, are apt to do—occurrences strictly against the rule of "studio teas," when Susanne called to order.

"Come, my friends," she said, "and drink a sympathetic cup to the health of a venerable maid over whose head six-and-twenty tiresome years have rolled. On with the dance! Advance to the samovar!" and Susanne led the way.

"Is a Vandal from the outer world permitted to enter?" came a voice—an unmistakably masculine voice—from the portière which had been left apart.

This was decidedly no *habitué* of the "Cloister."

It was Lawrence who stood there, immaculate in softest gray, with gloves of the prescribed

ugly brick-red disguising his shapely hands, and a gardenia, which had as yet no intention of drooping, adorning his lapel.

He paused, but flinched not.

Susanne advanced.

"No men are allowed here on Cloister day," she began, a trifle severely, but smiling, unconscious that her hair of "painter's tan" was ruffled under her fillet, and that her Japanese gown was singularly becoming. "But," she smiled, "I will put it to the vote of my guests."

There was a slight demur at first, but no vigorous protesting, and as this was a special day, and Lawrence a special friend, he found himself, after swearing solemnly on the "rules of the Art League" never to present himself on a similar occasion, the centre of an animated group, whose witticisms he couldn't parry at all, but to whose Formosa he did ample justice.

While Lawrence drank to the natal day half a dozen others sketched the scene, and after a half-hour Lawrence was kindly but firmly dismissed, bearing away with him various thumb-nail sketches, clever cartoons, and "fakes" as souvenirs, and leaving his stick behind the door with characteristic carelessness.

He again asked himself, as he descended the somewhat tortuous staircase from "No. 7," why he had gone there; but this time he did not pretend to give himself an answer.

V.

LAWRENCE was dressed for the evening, and was hanging about before his grate and smoking a final cigar preparatory to going out to do battle in the great social world which was his arena.

He had gazed at his destiny long enough with averted eyes. To-night he meant to take action.

He had decided, after much inward debate and some hesitation, to ask Miss Fayweather to marry him, and for that reason had banished to a distant store-room, with its face to the wall, his recently-acquired art treasure, which always seemed to have an unsettling effect upon his resolution.

He had arranged his tactics. He should meet Miss Fayweather at a certain house, and after a dance or two, already promised him, he should ask her to be his. She would—in spite of his modesty, he felt quite sure—she would not refuse to smile on his suit; and he should finally go home the accepted lover of one of the great heiresses of the town.

It was a pleasing little programme.

Lawrence looked at himself in the small glass of the brass sconce which he had substituted for Susanne's water-color, and sighed.

"Twenty-seven, and a distinct failure," he said a little bitterly. Then he tossed his cigar in the fire and went forth to conquer.

If his waltzes with Miss Fayweather that evening were not all his fancy painted them the fault was not that of his fair partner. There was an alertness, an evidence of intention, in Lawrence's manner that, to a young woman as much wooed as Miss Fayweather, was by no means ambiguous. But as the evening wore on, and Lawrence's assiduousness waned, and his utterances degenerated into platitudes, a certain dismal coldness crept over the fair auto-crat's manner. Lawrence was listlessly battling with himself. He had meant to "settle it," as he said to himself, after the first waltz; then he decided that a "sit-out" in the conservatory would be better. Nothing came of that, and after a time the conservatory filled, so he decided to try the supper-room. The supper-room was worse than the conservatory, and now, after the second and last waltz, Lawrence was fighting the deadly inertia he felt creeping over him, while Miss Fayweather sat beside him palpably cool, and—one would say of a less delicate subject—preparing to "strike."

Lawrence had started for the conservatory, but his nerves failed him, and they seated themselves near the door while he set his soul to put his vague—alas! too vague—ideas into words.

At this instant a new arrival, a young man, came in, the halo of the *jeunesse dorée* around his well-groomed head.

"Hullo, Charlie!" said Lawrence, clutching at a respite. "You're late. Where've you been all night?"

Charlie came toward them adjusting his binoculars.

"Awful crush outside," he said. "Big fire a few blocks away. Couldn't get my cab through at all. Had to get out and walk."

"A fire!" said Miss Fayweather with a nervous animation born of a semi-scorful tension. "How jolly! I love a fire. I wish one could get at it. I've always wanted to go to a fire ever since I was in pinafores."

"Yes; fires are great fun," said Lawrence, inaudibly.

"But you couldn't get near this one if you tried, Miss Fayweather," continued Charlie. "Although I believe no one got hurt, the flames have made tremendous headway. It's a very large building—place where a lot of art students live, called 'the Cloister.'"

"The—the Cloister!" Lawrence started up and strode forward. "Take my place here, will you, Charlie—that's a good fellow," he said in a hoarse whisper; then aloud: "Excuse me if I leave you in better hands for a few minutes, Miss Fayweather," he said. "I—I have something of value in that building."

"He's run away with my fan, the wretch," said Miss Fayweather, with a little strained, fatigued laugh. "Does Mr. Lawrence own that building?" she continued in a voice tinged with disdain.

"One would suppose so," said Charlie, an inscrutable smile flickering beneath his mustache. "Shall we take a turn?" Then, as she shook her head, "May I sit here a bit? Will you have an ice?"

And Miss Fayweather took an ice.

A Summer Idyl.

WHAT clever words we bartered, dear,
I bending to my oars the while,
Or floating with the current clear
And mindful of your eyes and smile;
What wise, grave stuff we talked of art,
And books, and metaphysics, too,
Till, touching matters of the heart,
How conscious and confused we grew!

Yes, it was sweet. Most things are sweet
To youth and health when days are fair,
And all the world is at one's feet,
And where to choose one's only care;
We were so sure of joy beyond
The joy we had! What need to save
Since friendly Fate had asked no bond
For the kind largesse that she gave?

Do you remember how we sat
With Ruskin and Saint Beuve for hours,
While underneath my old felt hat
Your eyes looked blue as larkspur flowers;
And how we watched the budding stars,
Those soft white blossoms of the sky;
And leaned against the pasture bars
To see the circling bats go by.

I lean across my window-sill,
The city life below me hums,
Never for one brief moment still—
The shifting tide that goes and comes.
I lean and long for winds that slip
O'er blossomed boughs and fields of dew;
For stars that dream and oars that dip;
For Ruskin, and Saint Beuve, and—you!

Ah, sweetheart, ah!—this sigh I breathe
Dies in the smoke of my cigar,
And as its vapors outward wreath
I'm wondering vaguely where you are;
Or if in some cool, leafy place,
Intent on philosophic chat,
You sit and shade your *mignon* face
With some one else's old felt hat.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Chicago and Its Suburbs.

CHICAGO is misunderstood at the East, despite all the eulogies and tirades that have been written upon it in the press in the past few months. In truth, the Western metropolis is neither a New England country village nor a Rocky-Mountain mining town. It is a big city, full of wickedness and also of godliness. It is a city of over a million souls, of all races and religions under the sun. It is a city which, as it owes its prosperity and commercial importance to the most active and intelligent of American citizens, may safely trust its future in their hands. There are "hot-beds of vice," and there are criminal classes and ranting anarchists, but nothing worse than New York or San Francisco has to struggle against, if so bad. And Chicago is bravely meeting the social problems that are presented by her very complex citizenship.

Can New York itself, or Boston or Philadelphia, show such results of "law-and-order" work as the closing of Garfield Park by the police, the general suppression of gambling-places, and the strict enforcement of the anti-liquor law in the prohibitory districts of the city?

How many people at the East are aware that a large district contiguous to Jackson Park (the World's Fair), and nearly surrounding it, is as rigorously prohibition as any town in Maine? Or that in the wicked city of Chicago there is a territory as large as New York below Central Park where the saloon and the "growler" are unknown?

The secret is this: That when the villages of Englewood and Hyde Park were annexed to Chicago in 1889, their local-option ordinances were accepted and confirmed, so that a large portion of these districts remains strongly against license, and the rest maintains a careful regulation, with local option as a check. Hyde Park, which before annexation was said to be the largest village in the world (singular how

everything here is the superlative of things terrestrial!), contains three large prohibitory districts which nearly surround Jackson Park, so that unless the thirsty visitor has a sort of crab-like instinct he will have to content himself with ginger-pop and lemonade.

These prohibitory districts embrace a territory of seven square miles, with a population of nearly one hundred thousand. They include a dozen pretty residence suburbs, as Hyde Park Centre, South Park, Kenwood, Woodlawn, South Shore, Windsor Park, Cheltenham Beach, Grand Crossing, Oakland, Forestville, South Kenwood, and the world-renowned Pullman. They have their post-offices (there are half a hundred independent post-offices within the city limits of Chicago), railroad stations, fire department (of the city), and schools. As a region of homes these town villages surpass Philadelphia's famed suburbs. Here are hundreds of elegant villas, beautiful cottages, fine hotels, and flats without number. Some of the church buildings are notable specimens of architecture, and the new Chicago university shows the main buildings and the foundations of what is soon to be a grand and imposing pile.

Between Hyde Park and Englewood, four miles or so to the west, there is still a wide strip of comparatively unimproved prairie land. Pretentious new stone fronts and World's Fair hotels stand in groves of "black jet," while newly-macadamized avenues, lined with Parisian gas-lamps, stretch out in the illimitable distance. Southward of the elevated railway, which appears to have sprung up, a sort of mushroom growth, in the night, is a wide stretch of marsh land, while only a few blocks to the north is South Park, a pretty piece of ground with some quite tolerable trees. As we speed across Sixty-first Street on the electric cars we pass the Washington Driving Park, where Boundless won the American Derby, with Garrison up. At State Street, three miles, we strike brick again, and the cable road which leads direct to the city. Crossing the crazy wooden viaduct over the Lake Shore, Nickel Plate, and Rock Island tracks, we find ourselves in Englewood, and reach quiet Yale and Harvard avenues in twenty minutes from the World's Fair gates.

"Hyde Park for elegance, Englewood for comfort," is the way the denizens of the latter suburb put it. At its several stations eight railroads supply no less than one hundred and eighty trains, in and out of the city, daily. It has its independent post-office, its daily newspaper, and some five or six large schools, including a fine high school and a normal school (the one so highly praised by Charles Dudley Warner), which are part of the city school system. Its streets are generally macadamized and lined with shade-trees, a feature which won praise from Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. With no very elegant residences and few very poor ones, it has the appearance rather of a prosperous village than a suburb of a large city. Yet while it is a portion of this immense and undeniably wicked city of Chicago, with a population of about fifty thousand, it has some twenty-five churches, and never a saloon.

The district covering about three square miles in a long parallelogram running west of State Street, including also Eggleston, Normal Park, and Auburn Park, is strongly prohibition, and under the leadership of the Citizens' Protective Association an aggressive movement is being made into the neighboring non-prohibitory territory. An important movement centering in Englewood is that of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. The former ranks as one of the strongest and most successful in the country, and is soon to erect a new building at the cost of \$100,000. The National Teachers' Association selected Englewood as its World's Fair headquarters, and on account of its convenience to the fair, as well as its exemption from its crowd and bustle, it has become the centre of most of the Christian and educational societies of the country for the fair period.

What will be the future of these suburbs, eight or ten miles from the centre, and now stimulated by a temporary population of a hundred thousand souls? Will not the hundreds of new buildings that have been erected be tenantless a year from now, and stagnation inevitably succeed the present thrift and activity? Not so. The elevation of the Illinois Central's tracks, the extension of the elevated railway to Jackson Park, and the equipment of the electric line have so perfected the rapid-transit system that the distant South Side, unobstructed by river or tunnels, will become the popular residence district of the town.

I have spoken only of the suburbs in which the World's Fair visitor is directly interested. There are others, literally by the score, within the corporate limits of this great city, all more or less prosperous. Nothing is lacking to the

perfection of the suburban system of Chicago but the realization of the proposed plan of elevating the railroad tracks, thus, by the abolition of grade crossings, securing rapid transit in safety, and bringing the lawns and gardens of the clerk and the workingman within an easy ride of office and factory.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Mr. Nat Goodwin as "Jim Radburn."

In general the public has come to look upon Mr. Nat Goodwin only as a comedian. In a measure the actor is responsible for this estimate of his powers, because he has in the past wasted too much precious time in fooling away his great versatility upon trivial and senseless rôles. Again, in a certain sense, the public is responsible to the actor for this, because Mr. Goodwin has not always stood at the top of the ladder; he has had his struggle to obtain recognition, to secure a foothold, and a terrible struggle it was. When the actor was busy behind the footlights making his audience shout at his comicalities, there was frequently a great "hustle" to make ends meet, and very frequently they did not meet. But those perilous and exciting days are over now, and Mr. Goodwin is on the high road to great fame and equally great fortune.

It is said by those who know, that Mr. Goodwin's greatest ambition is to be a tragedian; but then this has been said of almost every great comedian who has ever lived. Jefferson acknowledges it of himself in his memoirs; but that Mr. Goodwin is capable of work of the highest order, those who were privileged to see his *Grave Digger* at the memorable testimonial to Lester Wallack, or his impersonation of *Grimoire*, can readily testify.

In his new play, "In Mizzoura," by Augustus Thomas, Mr. Goodwin plays the part of *Jim Radburn*, the sheriff of Pike County, Missouri. Some people have called this a pathetic part. It is in the truest sense serious comedy or character acting, and Mr. Goodwin impersonates the rough, brave, sterlingly honest official with as fine and firm a touch as anything I can remember in modern comedy. Throughout the entire performance Mr. Goodwin never for a second loses his grasp upon his conception of *Jim*. One of the most difficult traits of character to delineate with which Mr. Goodwin invests the sheriff is the man's self-respect and self-reliance. Not one actor upon our stage to-day, that I know of, could realize these qualities with such quiet effectiveness as Goodwin. With that fine sense of the appropriate, Goodwin does not make this sheriff a burly bravo, whose "gun" goes off at the slightest provocation. Oh, no. This man is so brave and fearless that he cannot show it, because he is as modest as he is courageous. Wisely the artist made these qualities the backbone of his characterization, and this is the charm and the success of the play.

As a play, "In Mizzoura" is cast upon the same lines as "Alabama," but it is a better play. It has more vigor and more color than Mr. Thomas's first-named play. There are a good many old friends among its *dramatis personæ*, but they are depicted here and there with a fresh touch or two, until they are made as welcome as of old. "In Mizzoura" is splendidly staged; it is not a piece calling for a lavish outlay of money, but the detail with which everything is developed is altogether admirable.

Mr. Goodwin's personality is distinctly that of a born fun-maker; he is slender, of medium

height, exceedingly graceful in manner, and the fun in his make-up shows itself in a lurking smile about the corners of his mouth and a "dance" in his eye that tells of a nature that sees the comedy of this life, which, as we all know, is but a precursor to more serious things. Mr. Goodwin loves a joke and is one of the best of *raconteurs*; he has more poker stories to tell than any one can remember. His latest is a tale about three card-sharps who undertook to "do up" a farmer in "Mizzoura" at poker. The three confederates arranged that when the farmer's partner held a pair he was to put two fingers squarely on the table; for three of a kind, three fingers; and a royal flush, his whole hand. Of course the farmer steadily lost, until finally he "tumbled" to the "deal," and when his partner put two of his fingers on the table he whipped out a huge knife and slashed both fingers clean off; the other two sharps fled

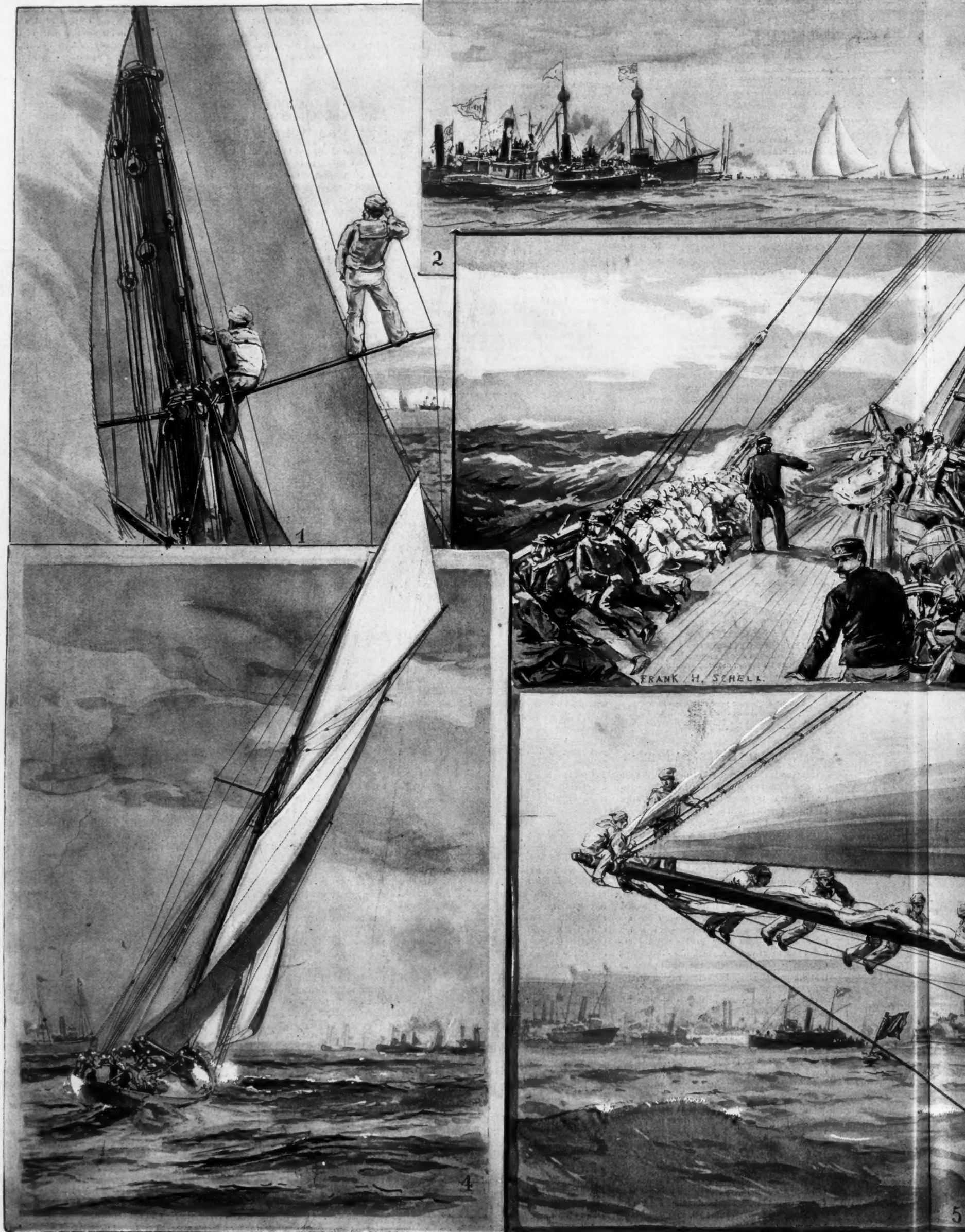


GOODWIN AS "JIM RADBURN."

for their lives. The next morning Goodwin passed the wounded bandit's room and heard him singing, at the top of his voice, a joyful refrain. Goodwin opened the door and said: "What have you got to be happy about?" "Happy!" yelled the card-pirate, shaking his bandaged hand over his head, "supposing it had been a flush!" HARRY P. MAWSON.

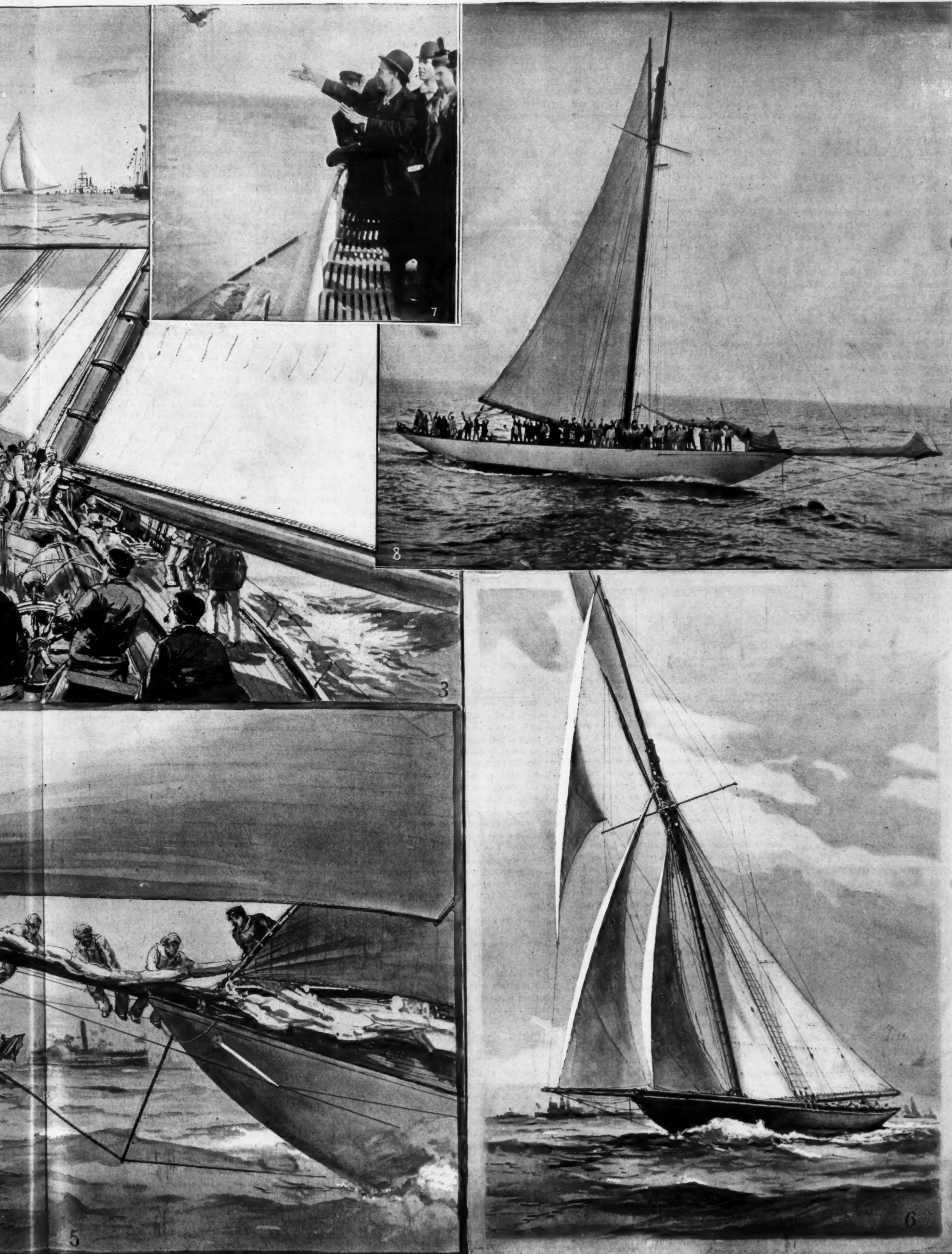
FACE STUDIES
BY STILETTO
Nat Goodwin.

Clear and active mentality is indicated in the face of Nat Goodwin. His forehead is at once broad and lofty, which indicates that his mind is rapid and yet reliable; is possessed of more than an average of ability. Thoughtful eyebrows and a general reflective cast, with penetrating eyes, in which lie a touch of shrewdness, and a nose expressive of deliberateness and system beneath the sparkle of wit and cheer, mark the dominant characteristics of his mind. Upon his lips is the suggestion of a warm temperament, but not to the degree of ultra materialism. He is sympathetic, enters heart and soul where his interests are once aroused; would be a good friend, would be a cheery, good-tempered, and charming companion. His chin is expressive of a firm will, and the angle of his jaw of tenacity. But he is not aggressive and not tyrannical. In repose a good-tempered seriousness overspreads his countenance, but it springs into animation and life at the touch of a happy idea, and the cheerful, good-tempered *bonhomie* of his animated moments is strongly expressive of the man, his character and his mind.



1. ALOFT ON THE "SPREADER." 2. AT THE SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP—"WHICH IS AHEAD?" 3. THE "BEAT TO WINDWARD"—DECK OF THE "VIGILANT." 4. THE "V." 5. THE "VALKYRIE" CLOSE HAULED ON THE PORT TACK. 7. RELEASING THE HOME-FIRGON.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP BETWEEN LORD DUNRAVEN'S ENGLISH YACHT
FROM DRAWINGS BY FRANK H. SCHELL AND



4. THE "VIGILANT" CLOSE HAULED ON THE PORT TACK. 5. NEARING THE OUTER MARK ON THE BEAT TO WINDWARD—PREPARING TO "SHAKE HER OUT." 6. THE "VIGILANT" NEARING THE OUTER MARK ON THE BEAT TO WINDWARD—PREPARING TO "SHAKE HER OUT." 7. THE "VIGILANT" NEARING THE OUTER MARK ON THE BEAT TO WINDWARD—PREPARING TO "SHAKE HER OUT." 8. CHEERING THE "VIGILANT" WHILE TOWING TO THE LIGHT-SHIP.

ENGLISH YACHT "VALKYRIE" AND THE AMERICAN YACHT "VIGILANT"—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE RACES.
H. SCHILL AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.

The Financial Crisis.

What Silver Has Had to Do With It.

THE peculiarity of this financial crisis is that the people and the banks have hoarded and held at a premium over gold and over bank-checks the two forms of money, to their distrust of which the President and the New York press desire to ascribe the crisis itself, viz., greenbacks (or national bank-notes redeemable in greenbacks) and silver. The theory is that the people and the banks are frightened lest the continued purchase of silver with gold may leave the government so small a supply of gold that confidence in the government's ability to pay a dollar in gold for every greenback dollar that may be presented for redemption may decline, until the greenback may fall below par, which fall would be indexed by a premium on gold. But the condition is that these same people and banks have been paying from two to five per cent. premium in either gold or certified checks to get those very greenbacks for which they are alleged to feel such a panicky distrust. They even pay a still higher premium over gold to get those very silver dollars, the continued effort to preserve which as money is alleged to underlie the distrust of the greenback. The people are, in fact, hoarding what they dread, and paying premiums to get into their possession what they fear. Certain forms of money which, it is claimed, they so distrust that their lack of confidence in them produces a financial crisis, sell higher than all others.

This is the first panic ever known in which the frightened seek to get nearer to the source of danger, to coddle the lightning that kills them, to caress and kiss their calamity, and to hug its cause to their bosoms.

Can there be anything in the purchase by the United States of \$167,000,000 worth of silver bullion in three years, and issuing Treasury notes for it payable in coin, to cause a panic? If so, what? An ex-member of President Harrison's Cabinet, General B. F. Tracy, declares that the silver purchased will coin into upward of fifty million more dollars than the government paid for the silver. The whole amount cannot be instantly added to the circulation, since it would keep the United States Mint busy five years to coin it.

But if it could it would not exceed the contraction in deposits and discounts which has been made by the New York City national banks alone since Mr. Cleveland was elected. An equal contraction has occurred in the deposits in the savings banks of New York City alone, to say nothing of the simultaneous contraction of means of payment in other parts of the country. Viewed with reference to the state of the money market, it would seem that the fact that the government has \$167,000,000 of silver bullion on hand, ready for coinage, ought to inspire confidence in the government itself rather than distrust.

Secretary Carlisle wrote, under recent date, that if a holder of \$20,000 in gold coin or in greenbacks should present them at the Treasury and request in exchange for them \$20,000 in silver coin he could not get it, because all the silver in the Treasury is held for silver certificates issued in its stead. From this it would appear that the only fund of silver available for redeeming the greenbacks is the excess, in coin value, of the silver purchased under the Sherman law over the sum in notes paid for it. This is upwards of \$50,000,000. As the government has been struggling for twenty-seven years to get a fund of gold coin with which to redeem the greenbacks, and has got only \$100,000,000 for that purpose, it appears that three years of this Sherman silver-purchasing law have done half as much toward sustaining the honor of the government on its paper notes as twenty-seven years of all other laws combined. If so, the Sherman silver-purchasing clause is four and a half times more effective than all the rest of the statutes in maintaining the government credit.

Whence arises the audacious effort to hold the Sherman law responsible for producing that financial crisis which is swiftly passing into history as the chief event of Mr. Cleveland's administration?

The effort begins and ends in the select financial circle of New York mugwumps and Anglo-maniacs who from 1878 to 1890 clamored incessantly for the repeal of the so-called Bland law, on the ground that to coin \$2,500,000 per month in silver dollars would drive out gold. We began the operation of the Bland law in defiance of their warnings, having neither gold nor silver in the country nor in use, continued it twelve years in contempt of their daily predictions, and at the end of the twelve years we had some \$400,000,000 of silver and about \$600,000,000 of gold. Not a day of the whole twelve years passed without three New York journals, the *Herald*, *Evening Post*, and *Tribune*, falling

into oracular convulsions and declaring under direct inspiration of the goddess of fate and fortune, that the Bland law either had driven out, or would drive out, gold. To their astute vision science was no longer science, and wisdom had fled to brutish beasts, and men had lost their reason, if the coinage of some two and a half millions per month of silver dollars could be kept up and not drive out gold. Yet in the twelve years of the Bland law we increased our stock of gold twelve fold. Never before did an astounded world witness so prolonged a manifestation of bigotry in the concealment of evident facts with audacity in false prediction, and incapacity to reason. This narrow circle of discredited maladroits seems for some inscrutable reason to regard everything as fortunate which tends to drive silver out of use or to lessen its value. This clew resolves their whole attitude toward the purchasing clause of the Sherman law into a step in the grand march which they think they are making toward the elimination of silver from use as money. It is because they think the repeal of the Sherman law will nail down the coffin-lid upon silver that they ascribe this crisis to the operation of that law. They know there is no relation of cause and effect between the Sherman law and the crisis. To attempt to cipher out such a relation is like tracing the price of wool to sun-spots. Not until the intellect is dethroned can the mind entertain such a problem.

If, outside of the threat against many hundreds of American industries, which was involved in the result of the last election, there is any cause tending directly to bring on the existing catastrophe, it is the long-continued and short-sighted war that has been made upon silver, taken in connection with the fact that its absolute discontinuance as money is in the long run simply impossible as a proposition in economic law. That no real progress has been made toward eliminating silver from use as money appears from the reports of the director of the United States Mint for 1883 and for 1893, as to the total values of gold and silver in use as money in thirty-eight of the world's principal nations, excluding China, in millions of dollars:

	Gold.	Silver.		Total Silver.	Total Specie.	Paper.	Total Paper and Specie.
		Full Tender.	Limited Tender.				
1883	3,333	2,277	.434	2,711	6,045	3,892	9,875
1893	3,582			4,042	7,624	2,635	10,259

According to these two reports, the quantity of silver money in use in the world has increased within ten years by nearly \$1,300,000,000, and paper money has been withdrawn by \$1,200,000,000, while the quantity of gold has increased by \$200,000,000. Here is a substitution somewhere in the world's commerce of value money (silver) for credit money (paper) to the amount of \$1,260,000,000, which is nearly the whole silver crop of the past decade.

There is a profound and searching economic reason why silver cannot be eliminated from the world's money, even by the combined co-operation of all the legislatures, bankers, and newspapers of the world, if they should all bend their whole energies to such a pernicious work for a century. This reason for the economic indestructibility of silver is that every great reduction in the volume of the world's means of payment must constantly greatly lower prices and values and thereby render less available for use as money a metal like gold, which even at its present purchasing power expresses values beyond the reach of the laboring class, of the retail trade, and of consumptive purposes. If we were to try now to use gold for small change our coins would become as small and thin as the scales on a very tiny fish. We could not use the gold dollar, because of its smallness, when it was tried in 1849-57. Still less halves, quarters, and dimes, even at their present purchasing power.

But the total elimination of silver from use as money, according to the Davenant-King rule, by diminishing the supply of specie by more than one-half, would increase its purchasing power more than five fold. This ratio has stood for centuries, and all economists accept it as true in substance.

Wheat, therefore, if silver were eliminated from use as money, would at least fall from sixty cents a bushel to twelve cents, and unskilled labor now worth \$1 could not be worth more than twenty cents. The lower the values of commodities should sink, relatively to the money in use, the more physically necessary would it be to use silver instead of gold for that money. A mortgage now payable in 20,000 days' work worth \$1 each, or say fifty-four

years, would then require to pay it the labor of 270 years. So great an increase in the burden of obligations would tend strongly to eliminate money altogether from use, and to restore slavery as the common substitute for debt. The rich would again own the poor by economic necessity, and by the deliberate preference of the poor themselves. Slavery would everywhere come into existence again as money went out of existence, until you could buy a man or woman at the present price of a cow. Long before this era would have been reached, general bankruptcy and poverty would compel not merely the restoration of silver to the total disuse of gold, but possibly the substitution of copper, brass, and bronze coins for silver.

Hence all warfare upon silver tends irresistibly to restore silver by economic laws, in the face of which human efforts are as powerless as they would be to lessen the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere.

But it is said, Has not silver been produced at so rapid and cheap a rate as to impair its intrinsic value and render its maintenance as money as impossible as if it were iron? This is just what has not been done. The annual production of silver is only one-thirty-seventh of the stock that remains over each year, and hence production is a very slow force in influencing that proportion of total supply to the total demand which determines price. Moreover, in 1851 to 1860, the product of gold in weight was one-fourth the product of silver; whereas to maintain a ratio of sixteen to one, the annual production of silver needs to be about twenty-two times as heavy as the gold product, since six parts of the twenty-two are so drawn off to India as not to affect the European ratio. The over-production of gold relatively to silver from 1851 to 1881 was four times greater than any over-production of silver relatively to gold which has occurred since 1873.

There has been no over-production of silver capable of influencing its normal ratio to gold of sixteen to one. The disturbance in the ratio is wholly due to the cessation of demand effected by an anti-silver craze or fad which is steadily being beaten by the very economic and industrial crisis which it is producing.

But it may be asked, What produced the anti-silver fad or craze? Its primary cause, operating from 1860 to 1873, and since, was the temporary success of the United States in substituting paper money for coin of both metals, the effect of which was most felt in cheapening that metal for which the bills were most largely substituted—viz., silver. This started the ball of silver demonetization on its way, and silver having fallen slightly in price by 1873, various European nations, by their timidity in declining to stay its further fall by maintaining free coinage for it, gave it accelerated motion downward. The large substitution of silver for paper which has occurred, as shown by the two mint reports of 1883 and 1893, is correcting the paper-money evil in some parts of the world, notably in South America through the Argentine crisis. It is possible, and would be in accordance with precedent, if the crisis, before it gets through with us here in the United States, should compel, in some way, a retirement of a great deal of paper money and bank credit, and a restoration of silver and gold in their place. The cure of the difficulty will involve the refunctionizing of coin as the redeeming medium for paper. When the means of cure are discovered and applied, chiefly by the business community, Congress may have occasion to record its application by some kind of law, just as legislatures record by a lower usury law a fall in the rate of interest.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

[We publish the above in pursuance of our policy to give a hearing to both sides of every debatable question, and not at all because we concur in its views.—EDITOR.]

Russia and Austria at the Exposition.

"THE Czar of all the Russias" is commonly regarded as a brutal tyrant, and the country itself is looked upon as a land of barbarism. Russia is the home of the nihilist and the grave of liberty. Russia is a remnant of the Dark Ages left to mar a nineteenth-century civilization. Russia is the pest-house of an otherwise quite respectable globe. This is the common drift of thought, and with this conviction of Russian inferiority in the mind the first view of the Russian pavilion in the Manufacturers building at the fair is somewhat surprising. This pavilion was designed by Petrovo Ropette, and was made in Russia and sent here in pieces. It is not only essentially national in character, but it is also imposing and artistic. Some seventy feet in height and covering about an acre of ground, it is worthy of all admiration. The decided touch of barbaric splendor in its brilliant

effects makes it most attractive even to our unaccustomed eyes.

The Russians are very primitive in their lack of knowledge of our modern and time-saving tools, so that the beauty of the structure is still more surprising. Much of the charm of the exhibit was lost, however, when the native workmen, in their national dress of full, belted blouses and queer caps, having completed their work, disappeared from the scene.

Our illustration gives a view of the main entrance from Columbia Avenue. Everything in the exhibit gives an impression of brilliancy and tremendous strength. The glass mosaics are most vivid, and are considered one of the finest exhibits in the fair. The enormous furniture is ark-like in character, and bears much decoration burnt into the wood. This style of decoration seems somehow symbolic of the fiery people, and even in its most delicate and choice effects, some of which are almost like the most shadowy painting, there is still the trace of a certain fierceness. Even in the bronzes the most uninformed will notice the stamp of this most predominant characteristic in the whole Russian exhibit.

But it is in the exhibit of table pieces in jade, rhodonite, and quartz, and combined precious metals and jewels, that Russia excels. The fairy-like thinness of the stone dishes, so delicate that one almost fears their changing lights are but the preparation for an entire vanishing from sight, is unequalled by any other exhibit of any character in the fair. The inlaid work and jewel-studding of metals for table-ware is beyond description. It is a concentration of richness and riches which we cannot understand, and it illustrates more than anything else in their most representative exhibit how the savage instinct has clung to them through the ages, modified and softened by time until it is utilized as the perfection of an art, but still the savage love of color and gold in decoration.

All our preconceived notions of the benighted condition of Russian art and cultivation must fade before the exhibit at Chicago.

Austria offers a most complete contrast to Russia. Here everything is dainty and choice. The one shows the concentration of richness, the other the concentration of luxury. After having been through the Austrian exhibit one feels that the pavilion itself ought to have been of glass. There is nothing unstable about the exhibit; even the daintiest piece of glass is consciously the best of its kind, complete and secure, but it all seems the expression of an intense, passionate love of beauty and grace. If this exhibit is typical, Austria-Hungary must be the most luxuriant nation on the face of the earth. Even their common cutlery is made a poem by the delicate enameled flowers upon the handles. And this decoration is crowded in, as if they could not press enough beauty into one spot. This seems the one great fault of their work.

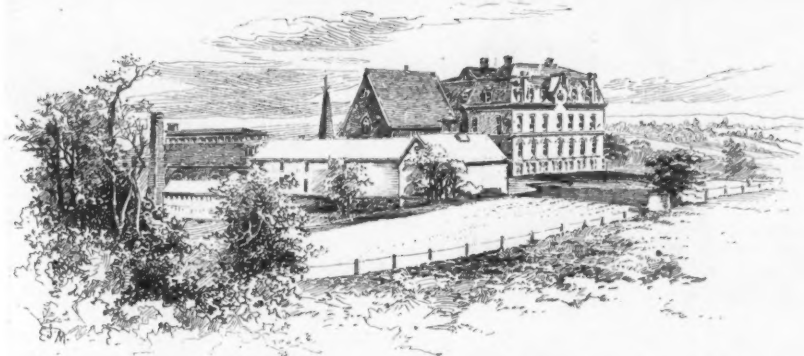
The Austrian pavilion is artistic, as is shown in our illustration, and faces one hundred and twenty feet upon Columbia Avenue. The dome supports the Austrian double eagle. From the illustration one can see, also, how largely this exhibit consists of bric-à-brac in all its forms. First, the world-renowned Austrian glass, then which there is none more beautiful. In this exhibit the *repoussé* gold-work upon glass is the most remarkable as to workmanship, and unusual to our eyes. The pottery is also beautiful, but not especially noticeable in comparison with the English, French, or German. There is an exhibition of furniture from a Hungarian firm which attests as powerfully as anything there the luxuriant trend of the national mind. Another Hungarian exhibit is interesting because so unique: a *fac-simile* of the Eiffel tower done in red peppers. This is odd and unusual, both in the idea and the peppers, which are very different from ours.

Outside of the glass, which is all pervading, the enamel work of the Austrian is the most national exhibit. This is to be found in all grades, from the very finest to the most ordinary, but all very effective. There is some almost marvelous work in carved mother-of-pearl—trays, book-covers, vases, and what not—all dainty beyond description. Also some beautiful work in leather—card-cases, pocket-books, etc. Some beautiful wood-carvings from Vienna demand admiration also.

But as a whole, Austria comes to our thought as a world of glass, conceived by the mind of man to bear testimony to the art of luxury. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is breathed into it all; the very curves of the glasses bespeak it, and in the air we hear a whisper from the far-off Oriental past:

"Come my Beloved, fill the cup that cheers
To-day of past Regret and future Fears.
To-morrow!—Why, to-morrow we may be
Ourselves with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years."

R. S. DIX.



GENERAL VIEW OF BUILDINGS OF ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL AT MANLIUS, NEW YORK.

St. John's-at-Manlius.

OVER two decades ago, when the excitement of the Civil War was dying out and the people were beginning to turn their thoughts to matters other than the progress of the bitter strife, the Right Reverend Frederic D. Huntington, then not long bishop of central New York, founded St. John's-at-Manlius. This was in 1869. There have been some changes in St. John's since then, the most important of which



ON THE FOOT-BALL FIELD.

is the erection of the splendid new building now occupied. If the mission of St. John's were only to impress its pupils with love and appreciation for nature's loveliness, the site of the main school-house could not have been better chosen. A walk about the school presents to the stroller a scene of surpassing beauty. To the north is the village, its cottages nestling among the trees, above which the spire of the village church rises white and gleaming. All along the western horizon stretches a line of beautiful hills, the view of which, and of the dale between, obtained from the prominence on which the school-building stands, is truly magnificent, and doubly refreshing to one always accustomed to metropolitan surroundings.

The seasons make the beauty of these hills kaleidoscopic. Whether resplendent in the new verdure of spring or appareled in the gorgeous, golden hues of autumn, or even when, in winter, snow covered, they are always fair to look upon. Near by a brook flows swiftly along and tumbles itself over a little precipice, making a pretty water-fall. Near it a native with an eye to business has erected a mill, which adds picturesque to the scene.

The school building, a handsome stone structure of four stories, with every possible equipment, stands thus amid fine scenic surroundings, an everlasting monument to a noble bishop—an institution cherished in the memory of all those who have lived within its walls.

The school campus is of more than one hundred acres, partly in woodland abounding in charming forest strolls, and partly laid out as an athletic field, with provision for tennis, baseball, and foot-ball.

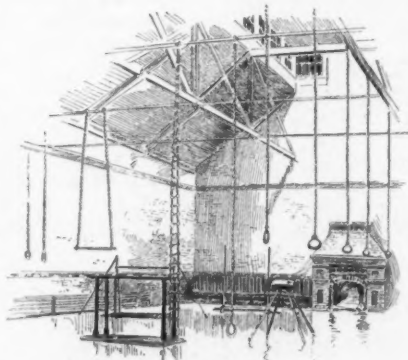
The superintendent, Mr. William Verbeck, has chief control of the school, which is military in character. He is assisted by efficient instructors and by the commissioned officers.

The day is spent at St. John's in such a way

that every hour aids in putting sound minds in sound bodies. At seven is breakfast, and at eight chapel, which is conducted by the resident chaplain in the beautiful school chapel, which, with its handsome pipe organ and longitudinal seats, is the centre of the school's religious life. After chapel comes school, then drill, which is conducted by the school commandant, an officer of the United States army. In inclement weather drill is in the spacious drill-hall; on fair days on the campus. Connected with the drill-hall are the magazine, equipment-room, and the offices of the commandant and the cadet adjutant. All of the one hundred and twenty-three boys are of the military department, and when, in full uniform, they execute intricate movements they present a splendid appearance. The St. John's boys have a remarkable proficiency in military tactics. Some have received enough instruction to successfully practice flag and torch signaling, and the heliograph is about to be introduced. The rest of the day is devoted alternately to meals, study, and recreation.

The gymnasium is perfectly appointed, and is the delight of the cadets. The boys of St. John's have a splendid athletic record. They have met in foot-ball some of the heaviest elevens in the schools within reach, and often college teams, and always come out either victorious or having made a brilliant resistance. More often the former.

Many societies and clubs are formed among the boys, and two papers are edited by them.



INTERIOR OF GYMNASIUM.

On Friday nights informal receptions are held, and the cadets give hops at the times of the different school festivals.

The great aim of St. John's has always been to reach the highest standard of classical scholarship, whether in fitting lads for college or business life. The faculty are more nearly associated with the students than in most schools, and as every cadet is given the freedom of reliance on personal honor, the disagreeable element of strained relations between teacher and pupil is entirely eliminated.

The personnel of the patrons and alumni of the school eloquently attests the excellence of St. John's-at-Manlius.

CLYDE LAURENCE PARKER.



GUN PRACTICE ON THE FIELD.

Our Foreign Pictures.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL DE MIRIBEL.

FRANCE has recently lost an illustrious soldier in the person of General de Miribel, chief staff officer of the French army. This general was struck by lightning while riding horseback on his estate. Falling unconscious from his horse, he was carried to his castle, Chatelard near La Drome, and in spite of every care and the best medical skill of Grenoble and Lyons, expired the 11th of September. The news of his sudden death caused a great sensation throughout France, and an imposing military funeral was arranged in his honor. Haute-Riviere and Grenoble, through which the cortège passed, were draped in mourning, and every public honor was offered the deceased general. At Grenoble large detachments of troops were ordered out under the command of their chief officers. In the cortège were many men of note both of France and of foreign friendly nations.

THE TEMPLE OF BUDDHA.

Throughout Siam Buddhism is the religion of the people, and one of its most interesting monuments is the temple or pagoda of *Vit-Suthat*, situated at Bangkok, within the inclosure of the royal palace. The exterior differs little from other pagodas, but the interior presents a most interesting spectacle. A colossal statue of Buddha is surrounded by his twenty-four *savoks* or hearers, the first disciples of the god, who in turn themselves became gods. The great Buddha, the god himself, is represented by an enormous statue, in the well-known classic pose of mysticism. Below, the god is reproduced smaller, preaching the doctrine to the *savoks*, who are seated about him. Around the base of the pedestal upon which this group is placed are tables, upon which are disposed offerings of all kinds—fruits, money, flowers, etc., which are brought by devotees to the god; while in the foreground is seen the reclining-chair of the guardian of the temple.

THE TROUBLES IN BRAZIL.

The troubles in Brazil, resulting from the uprising in the Rio Grande do Sul, a southern province, and the co-operation therewith of a naval squadron under Admiral Custodio de Mello, have not yet had any very serious result beyond the bombardment of Rio de Janeiro, the capital. The bombardment has been conducted at intervals, and the forts defending the city have replied with more or less vigor, but without much effect. There was at first a great deal of excitement in the city during the firing from the fleets, but the casualties were few. The Brazilian minister at Washington states authoritatively that, "whatever may be the result of the present trouble, there is one thing certain, that Brazil will remain a republic, and that her institutions will not suffer." Our illustration depicts the principal street in Rio de Janeiro as it appears during the busy hours of the day.

SPECIAL MILITARY MANOEUVRES IN FRANCE.

The recent special military evolutions in France were marked by many beautiful and touching incidents. One of these occurred at the foot of the monument erected by public subscription in honor of Lieutenant Benue and a small detachment of Hussars, who, with intrepid daring, charged two companies of Uhlans in the war of 1870. The advance guard of the Third Hussars received orders to offer special honors in commemoration of the event, and the presiding officer formed his command in line of battle, at full gallop, and presented arms before the monument. He then pronounced a eulogy on the brave deed there commemorated, in terms so glowing and with such enthusiasm that all assisting in the ceremony were much moved by his eloquence.

THE COAL STRIKE.

The area of the English coal strike is contracting, but many of the strikers still hold out. There is widespread distress among the colliers of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Nottinghamshire, but it seems to increase rather than diminish the ugly temper of the men. As the weather becomes cooler the poor are driven to straits for fuel, and the purchase of coal being beyond their reach, they resort to the woods, or delve for stray bits of coal about the pit-mouth, as shown in our illustration from the *Graphic*.

LEOPARD-HUNTING IN INDIA.

Leopard-hunting is a favorite sport in India, and, while attended with hazard, "pays" the hunter in the form of excitement if not in actual game. Our illustration, from the London *Graphic*, represents the closing scene of a successful day's hunt, when a young leopard, being pursued by dogs and beaters, bounded to the top of a tree and was easily killed.

The Great International Cricket Match.



FRANK H. BOHLEN.

WHY should we continue to call Philadelphia slow when it can turn out fifteen thousand of its best citizens to a cricket match, a circumstance which would be true of no other city in the country?

Philadelphia may justly be proud of the magnificent work of her representatives on the cricket field when the eleven rolled up the remarkable score of 525 in one inning against the Australian veterans, who made their first appearance at the Belmont Cricket Grounds in Philadelphia on the 29th ultimo. This is considerably beyond the best scoring made in England, that of 483 made by the all England eleven at the Oval in London. Another remarkable incident in this match was the unprecedented score of Mr. Frank H. Bohlen of the home team, whose portrait is herewith given, who rolled up 118 before being retired. At the conclusion of the match on October 2d, the Philadelphians had won by 68 with an inning to spare. Thus:

Philadelphians,	1st inning	525
Australians,	1st inning	199
"	2d inning	258-457

No such defeat as this has been experienced by the crack Australian team.

The Roanoke Lynching.

THE press of the country for a fortnight past has teemed with editorials on mob law in the South in general and the Roanoke riot in particular; but few, if any, of those who have attempted to discuss this great problem have been



MAYOR HENRY S. TROUT.

sufficiently informed of the condition here, or the facts in this particular case, to express a competent opinion. The Roanoke riot is without a parallel. There are conditions here which exist nowhere else, and a train of remarkable circumstances has led to the terrible results of the 20th instant. Roanoke is not a typical Southern city. It is of eleven years' growth,



J. F. TERRY, CHIEF OF POLICE.

and its population is cosmopolitan. The proportion of Virginians is not much greater than the proportion of Pennsylvanians. Many of its leading citizens, as well as the great mass of its working population, have come from other States. Besides the elements that often cause trouble in the populous sections of the North, we have also a large colored population. In the days of the boom of 1890, of which this city (Continued on page 242.)



THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL, AS SEEN FROM THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF ITS CARS.—DRAWN BY MAX GUNDLACH.

The Ferris Wheel.

In singing the delights of the Midway Plaisance, that ever-delightful poet, Eugene Field, has said:

"The Ferris wheel, with ribs of steel,
High as a tower will wind you up;
If you should fall for good and all,
The doctors they will bind you up."

That is the way the humorist looks at it. And, indeed, nearly every one looks at the Ferris wheel as a huge plaything. That nearly is what it is, but it is something more. It is a curious construction and a great engineering achievement. The visitors who are fond of comparisons say it is to Chicago

what the Eiffel tower was to Paris. There is reason in this suggestion. The Eiffel tower was the tallest tower ever erected, and this is the largest merry-go-round ever built. But as a merry-go-round it is novel in the fact that this one swings vertically instead of horizontally. It is also a great landmark of the fair, and is the first thing a visitor sees, no matter from what direction he approaches Jackson Park.

This wheel is 250 feet in diameter, 825 feet in circumference, and has a width of 30 feet. The wheel has thirty-six cars for passengers, hung on a periphery at equal intervals. Each car is 27 feet long, 13 feet wide, and 9 feet high. The artist who made the picture printed on this page took a view from one car,

looking through the framework of the structure to the cars on the other side. The sensations made by a ride on the wheel are different in each passenger. Some are undoubtedly frightened, just as many timid countrymen are frightened when first riding in one of the quickly-moving elevator-cars of a tall building; but the fright is generally of a pleasurable nature. Since it was finished, in June, it has been very popular, and the great majority of visitors have taken at least one journey round the circle. The main shaft or axle is the largest forging ever made in the United States, and probably in the world. Every possible precaution is taken to prevent accidents, of which up to this writing there have been none.



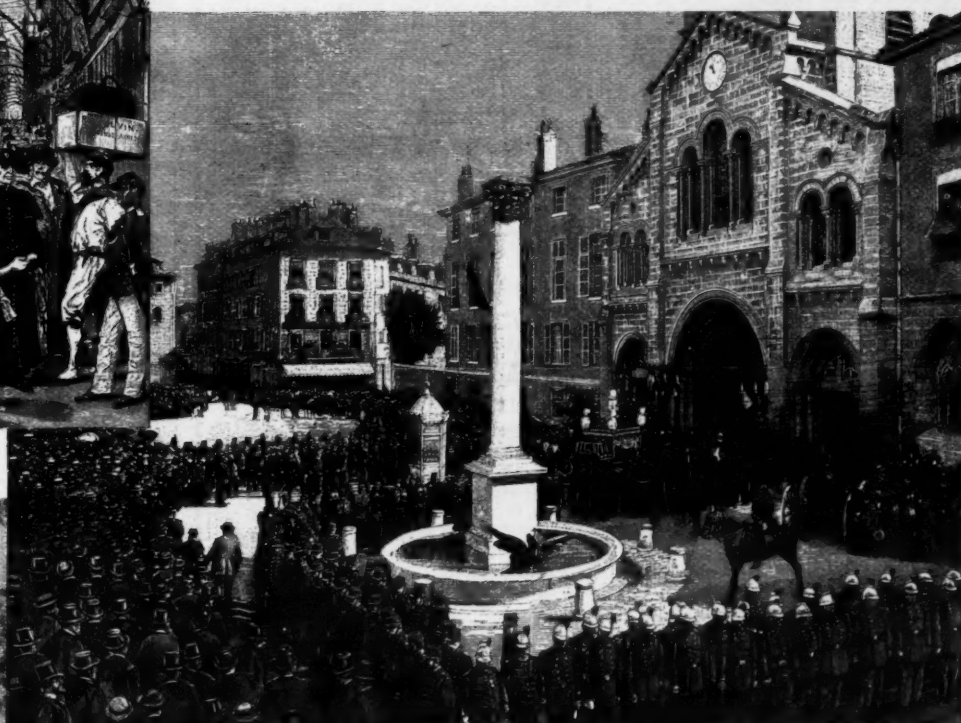
THE COAL STRIKE IN ENGLAND—POOR PEOPLE DIGGING FOR COAL AT A PIT'S MOUTH.



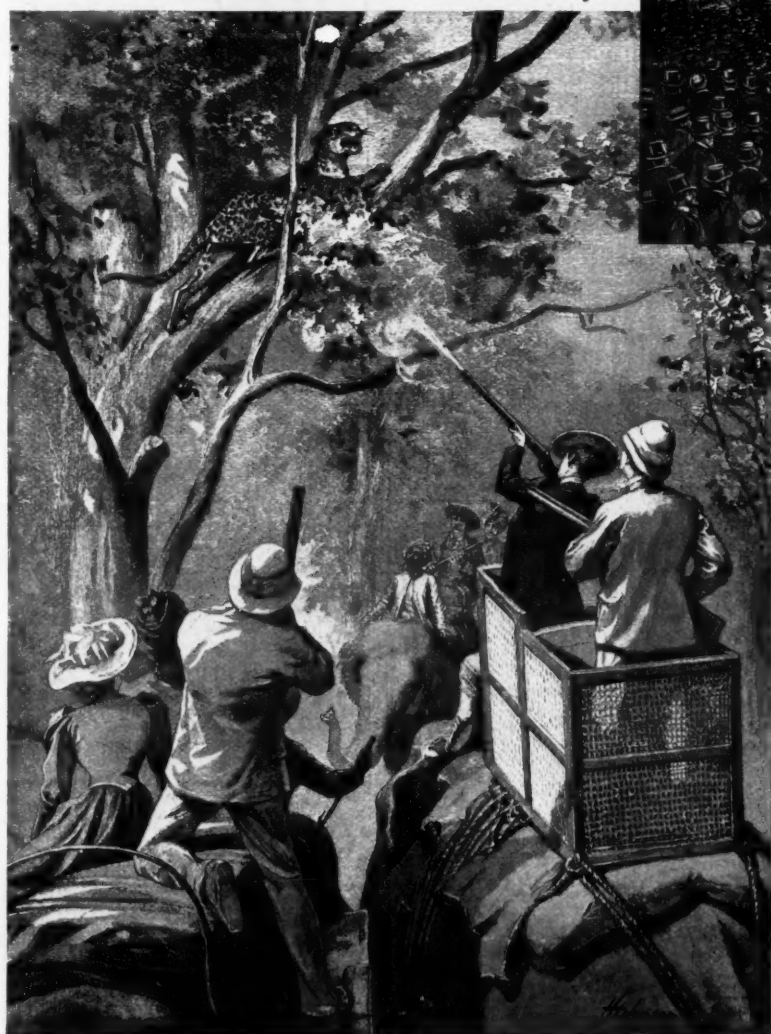
THE TEMPLE OF BUDDHA AT BANGKOK, SIAM.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF RIO DE JANEIRO—VIEW OF THE RUA DO OUVIDOR.



FUNERAL OF GENERAL DE MIRIBEL, CHIEF STAFF OFFICER OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



LEOPARD-SHOOTING IN INDIA.



MANUEUVRES OF THE FRENCH ARMY—THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE THIRD CORPS SALUTING THE HUSSAR MONUMENT RAISED AT ECOUIS.

The Roanoke Lynching.

(Continued from page 299.)

was the centre, Roanoke was the Mecca of the adventurer, of the lower as well as the higher class. The desperate criminal, as well as the harmless speculator, was attracted here by the stories of our wonderful growth. In this period of our history crime was frequent. The perpetrators of several mysterious murders and other felonious deeds have never been discovered. The chief difficulty has been in the detection of crime rather than in the inefficiency of the courts. But few dangerous criminals have been brought to trial, but in no case can it be said that the courts have failed to mete out the proper punishment.

The history of mob law in Roanoke will doubtless prove interesting to our friends north of the Mason and Dixon line. In the spring of 1891 a negro was arrested on the charge of criminally assaulting a young white girl in the suburbs of the city. He was placed in an insecure station-house, and to prevent his capture by a mob he was taken in hiding to the house of an officer. He was hunted down and paid the penalty of his crime at the hands of the infuriated people. Shortly afterward a white man was arrested on a similar charge, and the mob assaulted the jail and secured the prisoner, but there being some question as to his guilt, he was returned to the hands of the authorities. He was proven innocent and released. It is well known to every citizen of this community that the men who led both of these mobs were natives of the Northern States, and a majority of their followers were not Virginians. Among the dozen citizens who were indicted for inciting a riot were a native of New Hampshire and a native of Massachusetts. Only one of these indicted has been tried, and after a second trial he was convicted and sentenced to an hour in jail and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars. The convicted man is a native of New Hampshire, and he never resided south of the Mason and Dixon line before 1890. He is a man of education and intelligence. He has held responsible positions on leading Northern newspapers, and was at the time of the riot and at the time of his conviction the editor of the leading morning newspaper of this city. He was not only convicted of participation in the riot, but he defended the actions of the mob and mob law, and criticised the actions of the authorities in their efforts to maintain peace and order, through the editorial columns of the newspaper which he controlled. The success of the mobs in the instances related made it necessary for a negro who had previously murdered a policeman to be guarded by the militia while being kept in the city for trial. This negro was the only man ever sentenced to hang by a Roanoke court, and he cheated the gallows by dying of consumption before the day set for execution.

The sentiment of lawlessness thus encouraged and thus defended culminated in the horrible tragedy of Wednesday night, September 20th. It should be remembered also that the mob who ruled us for one day was not composed exclusively of Virginians, or of Southern people, but was largely of the cosmopolitan character of our population. The body of one of the victims was sent to Lewistown, Pennsylvania, to be buried on his native heath. I saw Captain Bird drive back a member of the Grand Army of the Republic at the point of his sword when the streets were cleared in the afternoon, previous to the riot.

The reaction of public sentiment in this community clearly demonstrates that even the most excitable of

(Continued on third column.)

If no appetite, try half wine-glass Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters before meals.

STARVED TO DEATH

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable. Grocers and druggists.

The Sohmer Piano has successfully passed the most severe critical test by the highest musical talent in the world.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Marked Success

of Scott's Emulsion in consumption, scrofula and other forms of hereditary disease is due to its powerful food properties.

Scott's Emulsion

rapidly creates healthy flesh—proper weight. Hereditary taints develop only when the system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



CUTICURA

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The Roanoke Lynching.

(Continued.)

our citizens are, in their sober reflections, lovers of law and order. Mayor Trout is a brave man. He did not abandon the jail or order the military to disband because of fears for his personal safety, but to prevent the necessity of shooting down more of his fellow-citizens, hoping that the life of the prisoner might be saved by keeping him secreted. He has been a fugitive from this city to prevent trouble rather than to save his own person. The city has not been without a lawfully-constituted government, as has been indiscriminately asserted in the press abroad. Acting Mayor Buckner assumed the reins of government when Mayor Trout retired. During the day following the riot the city was practically in the hands of the rioters, and order was restored by some concessions. These officials, however, were not suspended until definite charges had been preferred against them and signed by reputable citizens who had no part in the disturbances of the previous night. This was done in the interest of peace, and since that time the city has been as quiet and orderly as at any period in its history.

While excitement was at fever heat over the fearful slaughter of the night of the 20th, the mob seemed to have the sympathy of a great majority of the people; but the sober second thought has come, and there has been a most remarkable reaction in public sentiment. With the development of the actual facts in the case, the people have come to their senses. They now know and realize that the law was complied with in every detail, and that the actions of the authorities were in defense of the majesty of the law and constituted authority. There is to-day a stronger sentiment for law and order in the city of Roanoke than ever before.

CHARLES I. STEWART.

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA, September 23rd.



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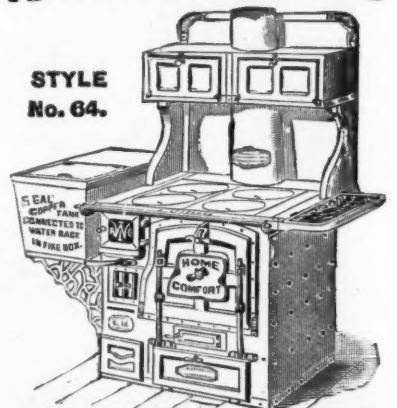
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Yom Kippur on the Midway.

ABOUT four-fifths of the inhabitants of the Turkish village on the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Exposition are Jews. Merchants, clerks, actors, servants, musicians, and even the dancing-girls, are of the Moslem faith, though their looks and garb would lead one to believe them Mohammedans. That their Judaism is not of the passive character was demonstrated by the closed booths, shops, and curio places, by the silence in the otherwise noisy theatres, and the general Sabbath-day air which pervaded the "Streets of Constantinople" on Yom Kippur—the Day of Atonement.

A more unique observance of the day never occurred in this country, and to the few Americans who had the good fortune to be present it presented a picture of rare beauty and solemnity.

The Turkish mosque is so arranged that it can be used as a Jewish house of worship also—the paraphernalia is all there and the Moslem is liberal enough to allow religious service other than his own to take place in his houses of worship—a point which he thinks the Western people would do well to ponder.

It was in this gorgeously-equipped and dimly-lighted mosque that the Oriental Jews assembled on Tuesday evening and read the *Kol Nidra* service. A screen of carved wood was placed across one corner of the mosque, and behind this the women, robed in white with faces partially concealed behind white veils, worshiped. The men, gorgeous in vari-colored silken garments, some wearing the simple fez and some the more elaborate turban, removed their shoes at the door before entering, and when they did not stand facing the East, where the cantor intoned the prayers, they sat cross-legged on the matted floor.

Each and every one had brought with him from his home the scarf which the orthodox Jew wears at prayer time and the Hebrew book of prayers. In the course of the ceremonial Mr. Robert Levy, the Ottoman commissioner, approached the altar and asked a blessing on the President of the United States and on the Sultan of Turkey. The services lasted long into the night, and when silence reigned all over the White City, when the robe of night and sleep covered the kaleidoscopic Midway, these Jews from the land of the Wise Men were still worshipping in the mosque.

On Wednesday, September 20th, the mosque was too small to hold the worshipers, and a great bazaar, in which rugs and tapestries were on exhibition, was converted into a synagogue, and with its dark hangings, great banks of fantastic webs, its improvised altar and ark, against which the costumes of the Turks gained in brilliancy, looked even more picturesque than the mosque. Here again were the white-robed women, separated from the men by a man-high screen; here again the men in rich Oriental costumes, and except the few who came in full evening dress—which is nothing unusual at a day function in Turkey—no two were clad alike. They came from all parts of the Orient. Constantinople had the largest representation,

though there were men from Adrianople, Tunis, Tripoli, Damascus, Smyrna, Bombay, Calcutta, from Algeria and other Eastern points, and two lone men from New York. In one corner, bent over his book of prayers, dressed in a brown silken robe and ample turban, stood the white-bearded, venerable "Faraway Moses," whom Mark Twain introduced to his readers years ago; at every turn stood or reclined a figure which might have been a Doré model. The fakir's cries, the clang of cymbals, the din of tom-toms, the endless drone and buzz of hurrying thousands, came from the wonderful street, a few steps off; above these the strains of martial music from the German village across the way, and above all rose the chant of these strangely-habited men and women: "Hear, oh Israel! the Lord our God, the Lord is One."

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Spectator—"What's he singing?"

Stockholder—"After the ball!"—Judge.

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